



VOL. I.]

SHANGHAI, MAY 8, 1912.

[No. 1.

KELLY & WALSH, LIMITED

SHANGHAI—HONGKONG—SINGAPORE—YOKOHAMA

Lawn Tennis Season, 1912.

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QUACK



O, this latest Birth of Time has nothing to do with patent medicine. It is just the honest and straight-forward desire of a group of wayfarers to coin an honest penny. No mock charitable purpose cloaks the project.

No fine inspiration haloes the endeavour. We come before you and quack much as did Isaac Bickerstaff two hundred years ago.

You have paid your dollar, which is really all we ask, and now your choice lies between the study table and the waste paper basket.

Bickerstaff in his dedication wrote himself down as "your most obliged, most obedient, and most humble servant." So too would we, were it not for the fact that we address ourselves to all and sundry with a spare dollar in their pocket. We cannot tell who is and who is not in that fortunate position. We do not know into whose hands 'Quack' may fall. Picture, for instance, the wrath, the just wrath of X, if he read such a foreword. "Whom have I ever obliged?" he might say, "And who but my boy (to whom I have lent ten dollars) is my humble servant?"

* * *

We do not dedicate, we make no bones,

We bid you buy our latest lucubrations :

Or Smith or Brown or Robinson or Jones,

We take your coin, we make our salutations.

* * *

It has been said of "Demovel Limited" that it would have been better if the enterprise had been launched in a town where there is wider scope for the peculiar operations which it is the business of the company to perform. For instance London. No one will deny that there is a lot of grime on St. Paul's which were better off. Even Buckingham Palace before it has that long-

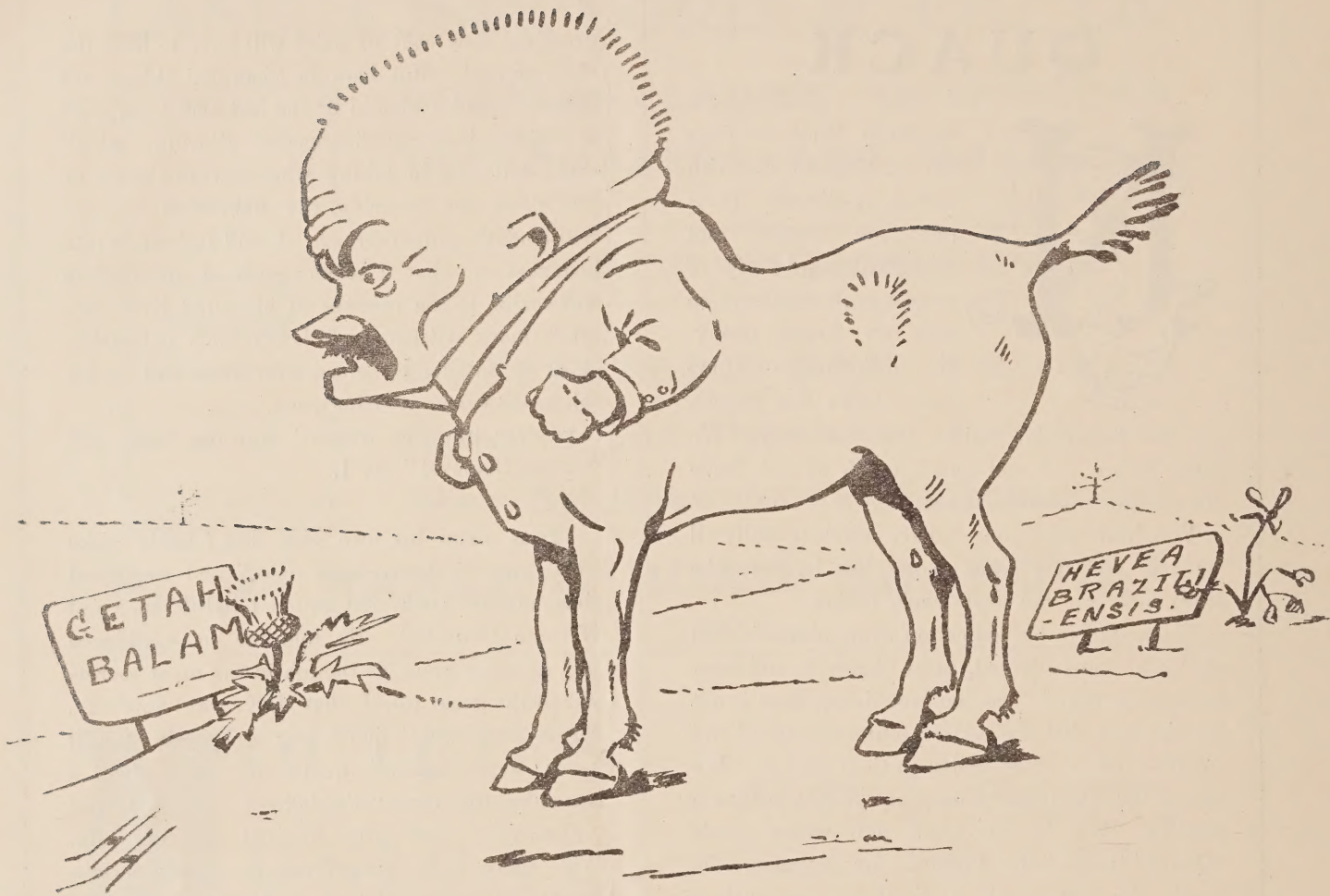
promised new coat of paint will have to have the old removed. But here in Shanghai things are different, and I should be the last man to support a project, however financially alluring, which could but end in taking what few remnants of gilt there are covering the nakedness of our Settlement's ginger-bread. I will forbear to cite instances of what I mean; each of my readers will realize in the recesses of his mind how very much more satisfactory it is that such and such a cloak or coating is spread over such and such a thing, than were it stript away.

"Cover up your tracks" said the Sage, and "A bas Demovel" say I.

* * *

'Twas under his own vine that I lately spake with "one o' them clever ones," and we talked about modern books and national indifference and Winston Churchill. He told me in confidence and, as is his wont, as though in the inner secrets of half the great world, that R. K. was "finished". "This later stuff," quoth he; and again, "he'll never write again," quoth he, and then I remember the word "Pot-boilers" and the word "Flesh-pots" and other kindred croaking talk. Well there have been croakers to my certain knowledge since 1832, and England has been going to the dogs by their reckoning steadily ever since. Musing on "The Dead King", I had a nasty sort of feeling that this time there was something in what he was saying. For the which I was sorry.

Yet, you know, into "Rewards and Fairies" is packed some of the finest art-work that Kipling or any other has ever put into the field. Therein is old-world knowledge, depth of thought, out-of-the-way idea, such as only he is capable of. And such wealth of it! No single device laboured and worried through five hundred pages, but interest and charm and lesson sparkling on each page. If you hav'nt read it, or don't agree, get it quickly and see; get it from the library, from your book-seller, from home, from anywhere, and so arm yourself with one more arrow to let fly at the gloomy, miserable, wailing, tory host.



The neigh-horse.

The neigh-horse on it's neightive heath
A gloomy aspect wears
As, thro' it's few remaining teeth,
It whistles for it's shares.

There are some folks, bitter bewailers of Shanghai's lost tone, who, when cornered with a demand for particulars, unless they hide behind such generalities as "You've only got to look around you," or "Take the conversation at an ordinary dinner party," invariably murmur something about the absence of a Debating Society. 'Tis so. I must not be contradicted. I heard it twice in the last three weeks, once from a man lately transferred from Yokohama, quite a decent fellow, and once from a lady who has no children and whose husband rarely comes in till ten minutes past eight unless they have people dining.

Now if there were any good purpose whatever to be served by having a Debating Society, this practical Settlement would surely form one. Have we not clubs for almost every special purpose under the sun, even to chess, rescuing girls and coming from Lancashire.

No, frankly there is not. It does not improve the mind of A to learn B's views on Baconianism, nor will it raise the mental grasp of C to listen to clippings from the newspapers which D may have lit upon, as to the Chatterton forgeries.

The plan I humbly but sincerely put forward is this ; that we close all our clubs and societies and open no new ones. Then landrenters and their wives and families would as a matter of habit stop at home and read their books. Soon would the drink bill go down and the book bill go up ; for who drinks except he be asked ? And why is he asked ? Because his friend and himself have gravitated to their club by force of habit, with nothing particular to do. Soon we should have an end to all those minor forms of push-ball which cower under the name of Sport. No more would the hopeless duffer pound away for two hours nightly at the billiard table. People would soon get accustomed to the idea that we "were put into this world" for some better purpose than to chuck plates into the air and smash them.

Shut them all up, my masters, shut them up.

* * *

I had a dispute with Rothsheim as to whether he should receive Tls. 900 or Tls. 1,000 for a parcel of his stock-in-trade. After two or three talks he asked me to have luncheon with him at the Club. I said I would if he would agree to the smaller price. He wouldn't hear of it, so I said I would go home to tiffin. He thereupon pointed out that this arrangement would save him a dollar ; which I have since recognised was perfectly true.

SAYING NOTHING WELL.

People that rattle and people that quack
With wits awry and of points a lack
Who write of this and draw from that
And that is poor and this is flat
They're better than me and better than you
They neither lie nor say what's true

Consuls we have and Courts a score
Council and Staff and one or two more
Who govern us well and govern us ill
They've done it before and will do it still
They're better than me and better than you
For if they do nothing they've nothing to do

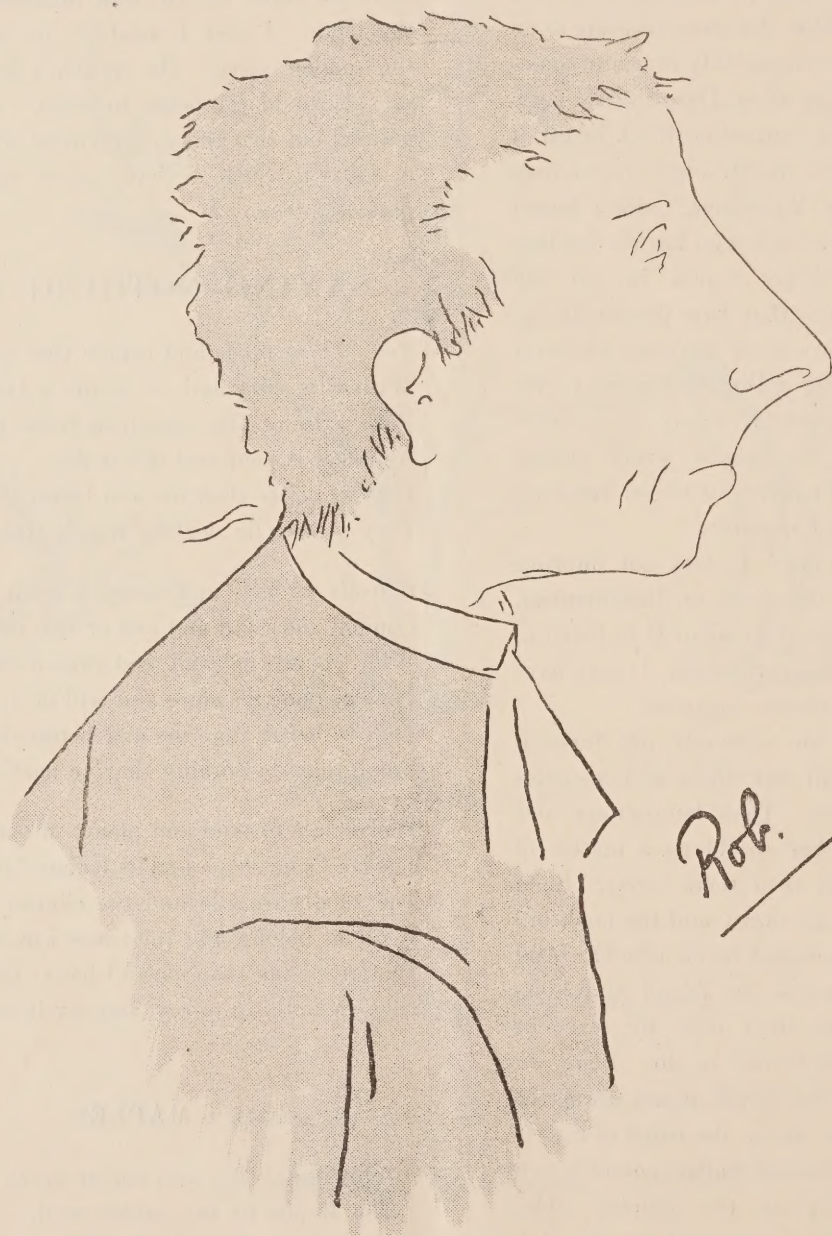
We've lots of mud and plenty of sun
The land's no shape and its colour dun
The smells are vile and the climate bad
We dont belong and the times are sad
They're better than me and better than you
They've nothing to say and say it too

D. C.

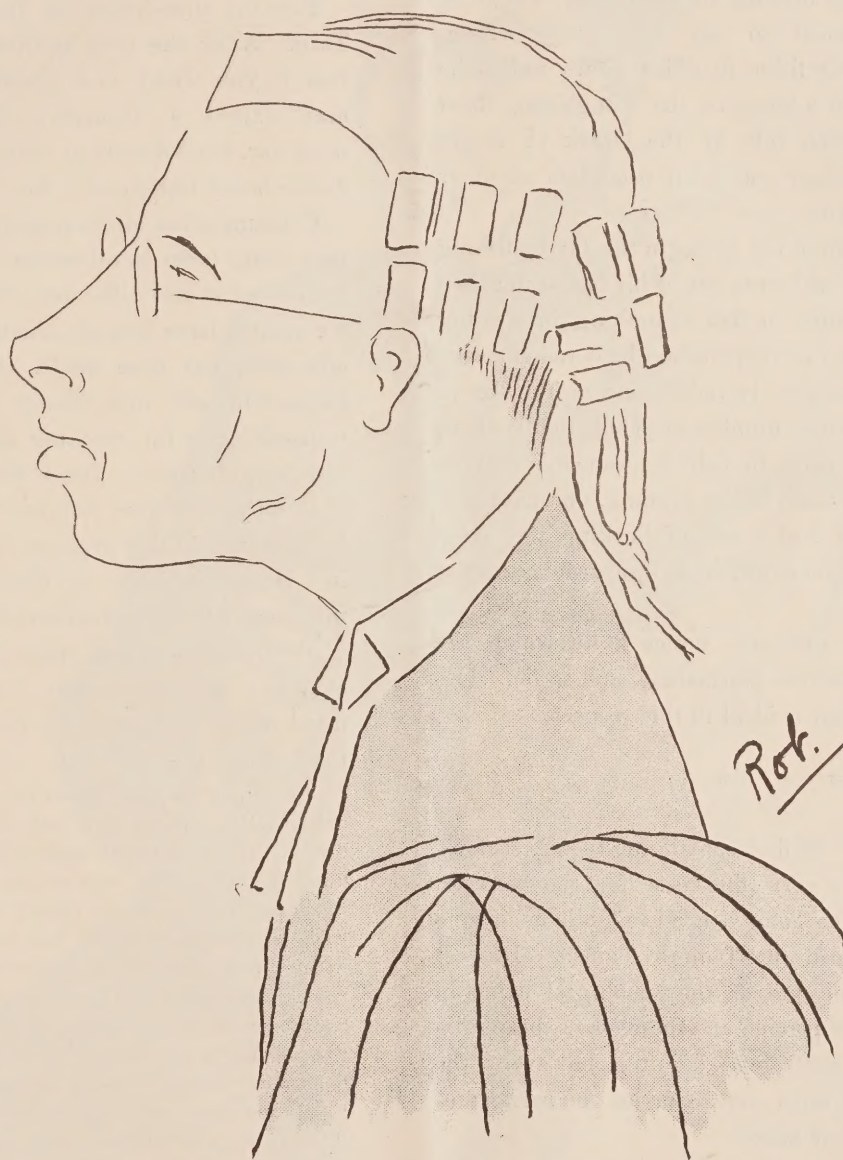
MAPLES

Of glowing bronze and amber green
The Maples by my garden wall,
The finest furniture I've seen,
Of glowing bronze and amber green,
Where lying hidden in between
The cotton-bird and mavis call :

Of glowing bronze and amber green
The Maples by my garden wall,



'OP-O'-MY-THUMB.



DASH MY WIG!

A man named Gellatly said he would rather live in Sussex than in Shanghai because of the fishing. He seemed to be under the impression that there is no fishing in Shanghai, which of course I hastened to say was quite wrong. Naturally nobody fishes in office hours unless he happens to be in a hong in the Sungkiang Road or on the French side of the Creek (I forget what they call their road), but what lots of other chances there are.

Almost everyone has to begin the day by fishing the smuts and tea-leaves out of his bath-tub: then comes an attempt to fish something interesting out of the daily newspapers, and be it remembered that the real angler is indifferent to the size of his catch. A large number of people toddle along to the club at noon to fish up someone to take home to tiffin; then, in the evening, one naturally fishes about to find a way of burking the over-spreading boredom which is inseparable from a summer night.

Occasionally one may notice a fly which the boy has cast over the marmalade, and so on. Oh, I think Shanghai is ideal in this respect.

* * *

"Scrutator," at first caustic and then garrulous, has made out a very fine case for the bankers. He has shown us Tong steeped in guile as opaque as ever enveloped the Tsungli Yamen. Disgust and distrust, holy horror, the washing of hands in the sight of the people, all these have been displayed with profusion. Until, however, the secrets of all safes are open let the writers of history hold their hands.

Four, or was it six, bankers, at a round table, with a fat, fresh, ripe, rich orange seemingly in their grasp. What lesson is to be culled from past experience? What may be described as reasonable probability? What, in fact, do you think?

The memories of ten per cent detached and detained out of the prime sums of certain notorious native orders justify a sneaking belief that

the Premier was not all black, nor the financial group wholly clothed in white and shining apparel.

* * *

For the time-honoured Taotai we have now a Tutu. After the next scrimmage, (call it revolution if you wish), and grammarians tell us, we may expect a Tumtum. The declination is irregular, but not more so than *hic, haec, hoc*, which I once heard translated "this, that and the other."

Contemplation of the possibility of "the other" may bring home to all serious students of Chinese politics what real difference the events of the past six months have brought about. One change, and one only, has been made. Or, if I may better express myself, one change has been made so transcendently far reaching as to dwarf all others into insignificance. The P'utzu has gone.

If any one does not know what this means let him turn to that pregnant and masterly chapter in "Houseboat Days in China" on the hypnotic influence of these bird-embroidered badges of office.

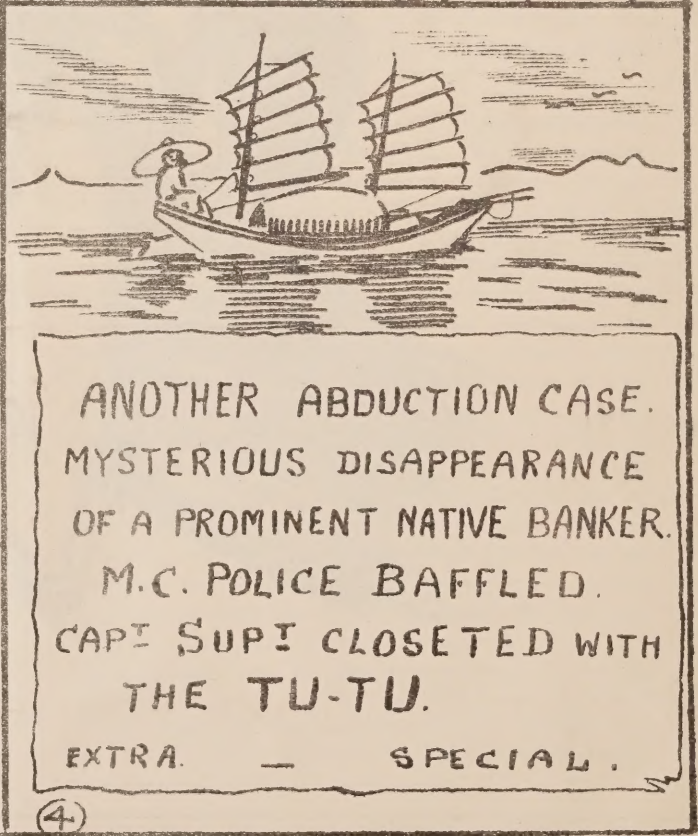
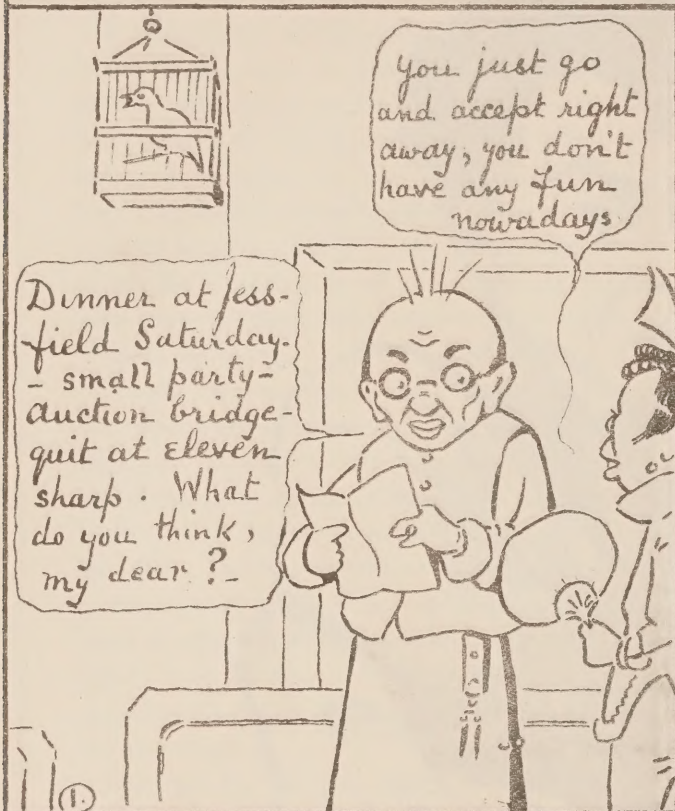
Would that I had space to quote the whole chapter; and would that I could make up my mind which paragraph to quote. Perhaps this is the best of all:—

"Take any case that occurs to you—a riot compensation claim, a lekin squeeze, or a land case. We know all about them. The foreign press make a fuss, vengeance is vowed, and the air is thick with all the trouble that's going to happen. Then a special Deputy is appointed to discuss matters with the Council. You know what happens after that; every one of you has got the performance in his mind's eye. Down comes a Taotai or a Fantai, waddling in the plethoric fat of professional wickedness, a creature whose 'squeezing' is the talk of half a province, and whose only education consists in having learned by heart a lot of poppy-cock and then forgotten it. This monstrous survival of barbarism, who couldn't answer the questions of a kindergarten class, comes to discuss the case with the representative of Western civilisation, with a man who very possibly can boast of generations of educated and God-fearing ancestors behind him—and what happens? Old Hung Wu's necromancy comes out on top every time. The poor foredoomed Consul fixes his eye on the malevolent P'utzu bird and the game's up; he becomes an incoherent, posturing, automation, feebly imitating the foolishness of Chinese social etiquette, meekly listening to the sleek Confucianist's farrago of twaddle and bluff, forgetting everything except the unholy fascination of the P'utzu."

1912.
Europe
the world Russian



No more auction bridge for Mr. Zoo. -





THE HERR PROFESSOR.

EPITHALAMY.

(Sotto voce, by a disgruntled bridegroom)

It was your feminine frou-frou
 Amid the sheeny ball-room crew
 Which gammened me to like your look.
 Puella, those impressions few,
 The sparkles which my fancy took,
 On near inspection prove untrue
 And all to passing feeling due,
 Which now I own I have forsook.
 Puella, when you hung your head,
 And alternated pale and red,
 And I perhaps a trifle white
 About the gills, and breathless quite—
 Heard short affirmatives instead
 Of all your former flouting light
 I actually felt with you
 Complete community of view.

ENVOI.

Puella if you only knew,
 How now I hate your beastly face,
 You'd bind your bally brow with rue
 And get away, you dammed disgrace.

CHILD'S GUIDE TO SHANGHAI.

Q. Where is Shanghai?

A. Erroneously regarded by many as the hub of the universe, its exact position may be seen upon any atlas. Its latitude has always been very much exaggerated.

Q. How is it surrounded?

A. Banded on the East by the Whangpoo, on the West by the houses of the Bubbling Well élite, and on the South by the unspeakable Native City; on the North the limit is reached in Hongkew.

Q. How are the foreigners protected?

A. By Boy Scouts, and the flower of the bachelor community in khaki coats, to say nothing of the Girl Scouts.

Q. What are the duties of a Girl Scout?

A. No one has ever been able to find out.

Q. Are there no men-of-war guarding the Settlement?

A. Only at certain seasons. During the first week in November and May they are to be found in large quantities. At other times of the year their visits coincide with those of the Bandmann Opera Company.

Q. What is the chief industry?

A. Making money.

Q. Describe the process.

A. There are various ways of doing it. One of the most popular is done with a broker's trap and a lot of waste paper. The easiest way is to get someone to pay you so much a month for doing work which you can get somebody else to do. Another way is to have something to sell that is really worth selling, and to obtain a fair price for it, but this is a slow and tedious process and has not many adherents.

Q. You spoke just now of a broker's trap: what do you mean to convey by that?

A. The broker.

Q. And do their wives have to walk?

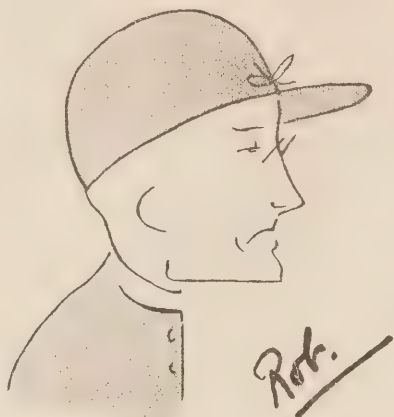
A. Not at all; they keep six-cylinder Limousines for their wives, each bigger than their neighbour's.

Q. Indeed! And how do they manage that?

A. Goodness knows!



"To think that this lovely plant should have been wasted all these years, hanging down your silly back!"



LEPJ

People on the inside track do not seem to pay enough attention to the prime factor—Riding. A big stable, a cute owner, good times, good last quarters these are freely weighed and measured; only in their heart of hearts does the jockey question, loom large. Among the public it is different. Blind backers of Chuck never make a fortune, but he who stumbles upon a young jock's first good meeting, for him are the gods in lurking.

I take the view that jockeyship is more than training and more than times. The Race Club, I know, differs: for we see owners and ponies recorded from the year one, with no mention of jockeys.

In Quackery, where everybody says what he likes, an old seaman gave me the winners of the Champions since the famous triple dead heat; and here they are:—

1896	Autumn	{ C. R. Burkill F. Dallas R. C. Renny
1897	Spring	C. R. Burkill
1897	Autumn	H. H. Read
1898	Spring	F. A. Cumming
1898	Autumn	F. A. Cumming
1899	Spring	C. R. Burkill

1899	Autumn	W. Meyerink
1900	Spring	C. R. Burkill
1900	Autumn	L. Midwood
1901	Spring	W. Meyerink
1901	Autumn	F. A. Cumming
1902	Spring	F. A. Cumming
1902	Autumn	W. Meyerink
1903	Spring	P. Dietrich
1903	Autumn	C. R. Burkill
1904	Spring	F. Dallas
1904	Autumn	G. Wulleumier
1905	Spring	C. R. Morling
1905	Autumn	F. L. Fearon
1906	Spring	F. A. Cumming
1906	Autumn	R. McE. Dalgliesh
1907	Spring	A. H. Watts
1907	Autumn	E. U. Reid
1908	Spring	F. R. Vida
1908	Autumn	E. Moller
1909	Spring	E. Moller
1909	Autumn	E. Moller
1910	Spring	C. R. Burkill
1910	Autumn	F. R. Vida
1911	Spring	C. R. Burkill
1911	Autumn	P. Crighton
1912	Spring	Vivat Rex



JKB



BSL

OFFICIAL CELEBRITIES.

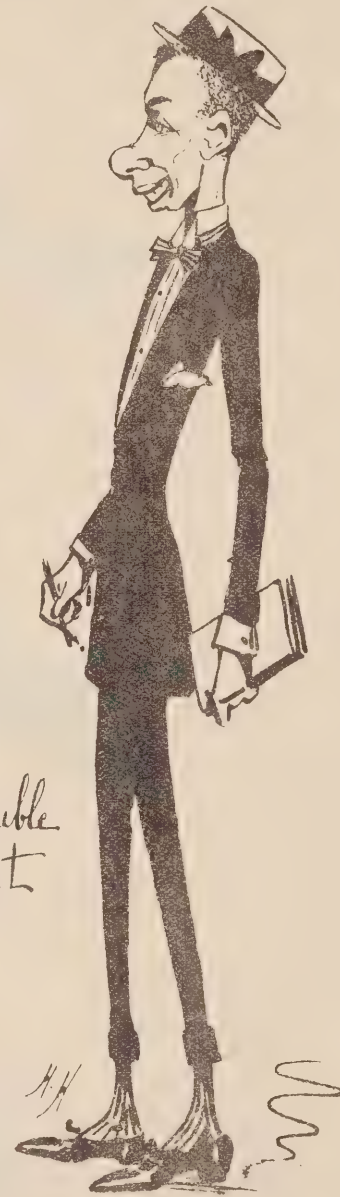
May we ask Your Excellence, Wu Ting-fang,
 How it was you got your position now?
 It was hard at first when you made your bow
 When you had not yet let the Law go hang,
 In your youth in respectable, safe Hongkong
 And though the profession you followed long
 It could not have been in your sojourn there,
 That in Gup you founded your training rare.

We beseech you say, Mister Wu Ting-fang,
 When you used to interpret for Li Hung-chang
 For that was the next job in which you shone
 Was it he that taught you the art of Bluff?
 Or did you imbibe it, with other stuff,
 Later on between 'Frisco and Washington,
 In hoisting the Yanks with their own petard,
 So obtaining the fame of a cunning card?

We should like to know, Mister Wu Ting-fang,
 Who less than yourself is aware of where
 The hopeful Republican charabang
 Will manage to come, it would clear the air
 Of heaps of American gag and brag
 If "Quack" had the time in the light to drag
 The chequered political *carrière*
 Of a dreamy Utopian scallywag!

MOTTO FOR YOUNG CHINA.

"Qui s'exqu coast s'accuse."



*The double
 Event*

REGRETTABLE AFFAIR AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

China Press, April 28, 1912.

"The Charity Ball at the Astor House was largely attended
 "last night. Several hundred couples were on the floor early
 "in the evening.

That's the worst of throwing in free drinks
 with the tickets.

LETTICE LOST.

A SONG OF MY SALAD DAYS.

Oh, Happy Band of Pilgrims, who bask where Lettice smiles,
Who sit with her in shady nooks, and help her over stiles,
Who stand about and hold her hand, or ride with her for miles.

You lucky pack of varlets, selected Heaven knows why,
It's not as if you'd longer limbs or stouter hearts than I,
You're just what comes of carelessness and letting Lettice cry.

I had her heart in Febru'ry: she filled the world for me;
We talked about the coming Spring and what we'd do and see,
And when, (we spoke in undertones,) the wedding was to be.

The winds of March were chilly. I remember them so well,
We walked along the Jessfield Road, and this is what befel:
There lay a half banana skin, and Lettice slipt and fell.

The sight of Lettice fallen was so taking, and she lay,
A quiver on her crimson lip, her love-locks all astray,
I stood for half a moment just to hear what she would say.

There was neither speech nor language, Lettice never said a word,
The voice I madly waited for I never since have heard.
Two months have passed in silence cold, and June will be the third.

So ho, you set of substitutes who glean where I did reap,
Who follow, Lettice leading, like a flock of silly sheep,
The first of you to pick her up will pick her up to keep.

REX
versus
SHANGHAI.





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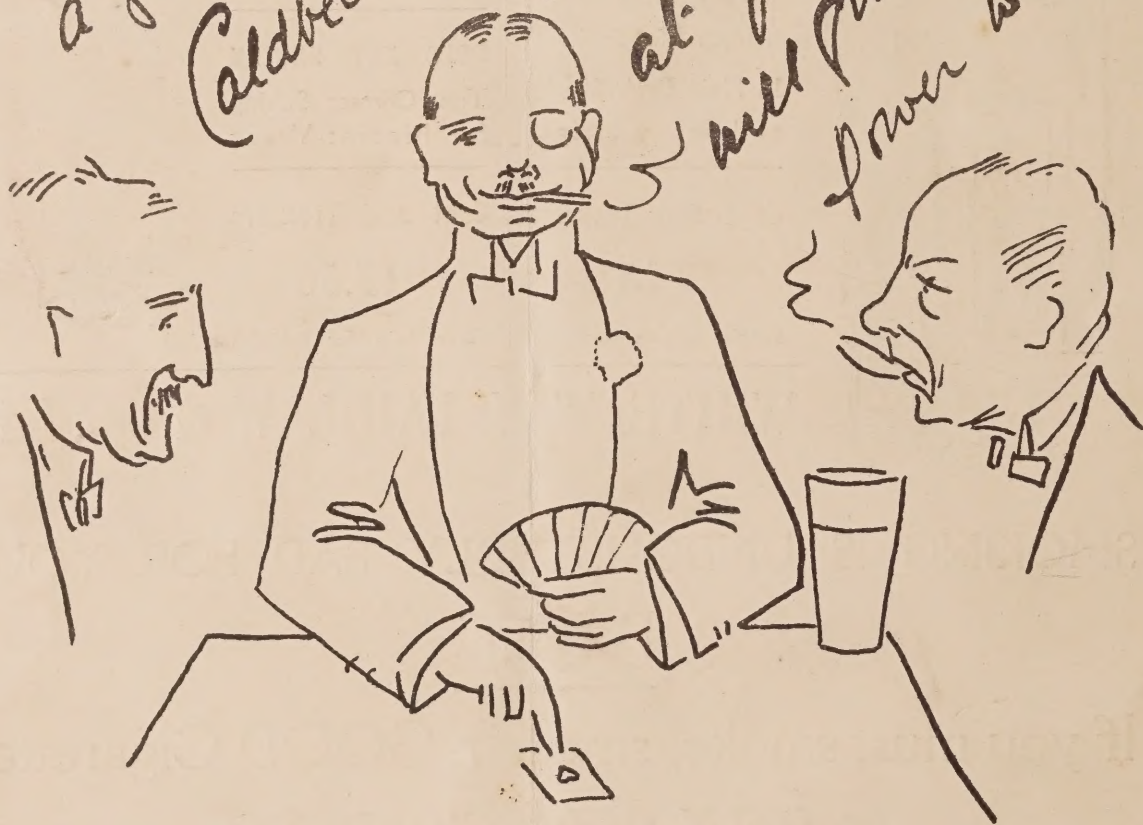
As supplied to Shanghai Club, Country Club, Race Club, Masonic Club, Cricket Club,
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"YOU CAN HAVE THE CIGARETTES IF YOU'VE GOT THE CASH!"

During a game,
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and Aquarius

at your elbow
will give more
power to it!



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